

# ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE stage crew of the Punch and Judy Theatre gave a performance of "Treasure Island" to an invited audience at that house last night. These men are all experts in their various lines and deserve much credit for the excellent manner in which they shift scenery at this pretty little theatre. John Cronin played the part of Jim Hawkins and nothing he did could be criticized except, possibly his acting and his delivery of lines. Gus Durkin was Mrs. Hawkins and we venture to say that could George Monroe have been in the audience he would have turned green with envy. James Hagan was Louie John Silver and he was roundly applauded every time he quit acting. Charles Auburn portrayed the roles of Bill Bones and Ben Gunn so well that his loving friends sent him some roses, tied with crepe, and bearing a placard on which was the inspiring line, "Rest in Peace." The whole cast proved itself a credit to the Stage Hands' Union.

The parrot, by the way, was excellent. He did much of the prompting. Julius Eckert Goodman, the author of the play, was present. He conducted himself in a gentlemanly manner. Later it developed he had forgotten to bring his gun.

**MISS BATES HAS A PLAY.**  
Blanche Bates has found a play and is soon to be seen at the head of her own company again. T. H. Hunter, Inc., announces Miss Bates will star in a comedy by Paul M. Potter, which is, as yet, unnamed. Mr. Hunter was formerly stage director for the actress when she was a Heiress star. The production will be brought to Broadway late next month.

**HIP MAKES A RECORD.**  
From the Hippodrome comes the statement that to date 1,003,725 persons have paid admission to that theatre since "The Big Show" opened there Aug. 31 last. The average attendance has been 8,922 persons daily. It is said Charles Dillingham's success at the Hippodrome this season has never been surpassed in the indoor amusement world.

**SARI PETRASS ENGAGED.**  
The Melars. Shubert have engaged Sari Petrass, the Hungarian actress and singer, for the leading feminine role in "The Beautiful Unknown." She will have the same part she portrayed in the original production of the operetta in Budapest. Earlier this season Miss Petrass sang the leading feminine role in "Miss Springtime."

**INVITES THE PRESIDENT.**  
Winthrop Ames has invited President Wilson to attend a special performance of "Pierrot the Prodigal" at the Little Theatre, to be given whenever Mr. Wilson designates.

**BY WAY OF DIVERSION.**  
Look here, little mother! Why all this neglect? Your baby lies there on her face. She's bleeding pure sawdust. Her gown is a wreck. It's really an awful disgrace. On Christmas you loved her, but something, I fear, has led your affections astray. Come sit on my knee and explain it, my dear. Come on, now what have you to say? Oh, ho! That's the reason. You've found you love best Lucinda, your little rag doll. You shouldn't love one any more than the rest. You really should care for them all. What's that? Now it's Fido? You say he comes first? Oh my! What a state of affairs! Of all heartless mammals you're surely the worst. Fido, the dog, your love shares? I think I should spank you, you bad little elf! Now, don't try to kiss me—you hear? A kiss is a poor way of squaring yourself. You'd whisper, you say, in my ear? What's that—you've a "birthday" next month and you'd like another slice of that day? Well, suffering cat! For the love of old Mike! You rascal! That's all I can say.

**SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT!**  
Clay Carroll was awfully tired after working in a scene in a Florence La Badie picture at the Thanet House Studio Saturday, and she told Director Frederic Sullivan, "Sit down and rest," he replied. "You're not in the next scene." Miss Carroll sat down and preparations were made for the next scene. Real ice cream was brought in. The actress sought the director. "I'd like to work in this scene, after all," she said. "All right," said Mr. Sullivan. Then he addressed them all. "Now, remember," he said, "you don't eat this ice cream. The table is knocked over and it's all spoiled!" Miss Carroll wept.

**GOSSIP.**  
William Harrigan and Itolin Grimes have been added to the cast of "Love o' Mike." Doradina, the dancer, is going back to Montmartre. Hereafter the place will be Doradina's Montmartre.

Mrs. J. Christopher Marks, President of the Theatre Assembly, wishes to deny a report that she is dead. She says she'll notify us when anything like that happens.

The Borough Players of the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Borough Park will present Reuben Rosenstein's musical play, "Stop-Go Ahead!" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Jan. 20.

Harry Harris of the Longacre's box office has been commended for politeness. An Elizabeth (N. J.) woman forgot her tickets and Harry let the party in. Fine! Who'll be the next? "The Lodger," which opens to-night at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is an English play with an all-English cast. Lionel Atwill and Phyllis Ralph have the chief roles.

**FOOLISHMENT.**  
His play was called "Joe For To-Night." The critic declared it a fright. "One night was the best for fun. Appreciate it!" "Right!"

**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.**  
"Who was the friend with you at the theatre?"  
"That was no friend. That was my wife."

## "S'MATTER, POP?"

The Little Fellow Spoke Wiser Than He Knew!

By C. M. Payne



## HENRY HASENPFEFFER

It Serves Him Right Now if He Gets Just What He Deserves!

By Bud Counihan



## FLOOEY AND AXEL

We Fail to Note Where That "Friendship" Stuff Comes In!

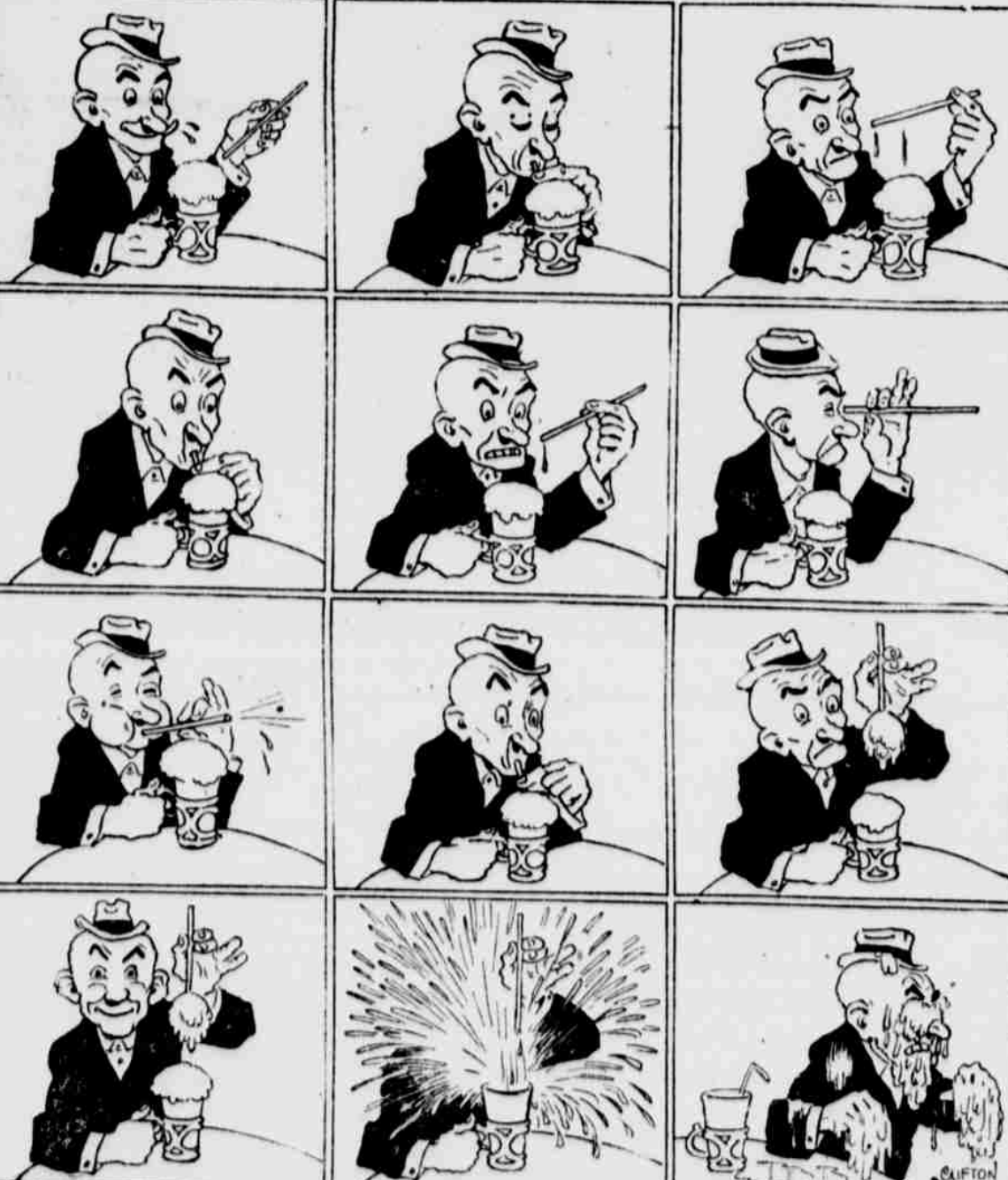
By Vic



## "THE OFF DAY"

How Often Are We Victims of the Perversity of Inanimate Objects.

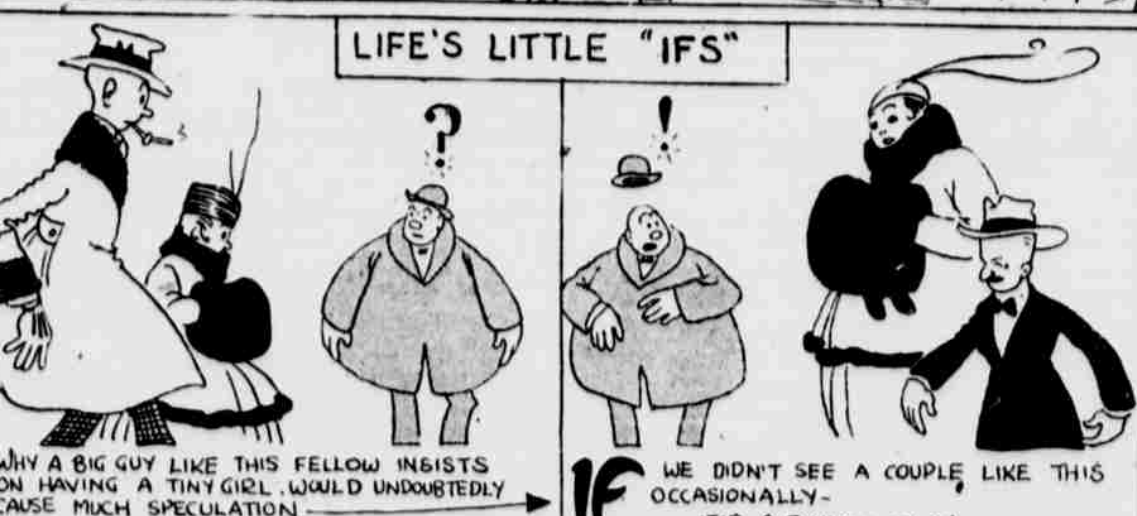
By Clifton Meek



## WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

A Boy's Memory Is Just About as Long as a Piece of String.

By Jack Callahan



## Good Stories

**TWO'S A CROWD.**  
An old colored man charged with stealing chickens was arraigned in court and, in a humiliating manner, when the judge said:  
"You ought to have a lawyer. Where's your lawyer?"  
"Ah ain't got no lawyer, Judge," said the old man.  
"Very well, then," said His Honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."  
"Oh, no, suh; no, suh. Please don't do dat!" the darky begged.  
"Why not?" asked the Judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"  
"Well, Judge, Ah'll tell you, suh," said the old man, waving his weathered old hand confidentially. "He's dis way. Ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chickens mahsef!"—Chicago News.

**A PEEP AHEAD.**  
THIS old millionaire and his beautiful bride, after their quiet wedding, had a quiet wedding breakfast, a deus. Astrakhan caviar, eggs pompadour, a truffled chicken, fresh California peas, champagne—so the quiet breakfast ran.  
"My dear," said the old millionaire, as the fruit course, a superb Florida melon, came on—"tell me, my dear"—and he laid his withered hand on her young one—"do you love me for what I am or for what I was?"  
The beautiful girl smiled down from the window into the admiring eyes of a young clubman who was passing; then she bent her clear, considering gaze on the gray ruin opposite and replied:  
"I love you, George, for what you will be."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

**VERY GOOD, EDDIE.**  
SIR EDWARD CARSON, the eminent lawyer and leader of the Ulster Covenanters, is usually very serious in demeanor, but he is a master in the art of making witty and telling retorts.  
During one case in which he appeared he had more than one passage at arms with the Judge, who finally drew attention to a discrepancy between the evidence given by two of Sir Edward's principal witnesses, one of whom was a carpenter and the other a tavernkeeper.  
"That's so, my lord," instantly retorted Sir Edward. "Yet another case of difference between the bench and the bar!"—Philadelphia Ledger.